

April 1964, price 60¢

Esquire

Exclusive! A flashback guide to the best world's fair ever. (Page 61).

"They say by 1960,
the sidewalks will be
20 feet above the roads.
Aah, we'll all own autogiros
by then, anyway."

"Guess who we saw
at the Aquacade.
Cary Grant.
He still looks nifty
and I'll bet he's forty."

"If you want to
relax for a minute,
go see the Japanese Pavilion.
It's so peaceful!"

"Look, I didn't drive 800 miles
just to see
Elsie The Cow, I want to get
a World's Fair penny."

"How can Grover Whalen
run this whole Fair
and remain such a nice guy.
Holy Moses!"



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Esquire

APRIL 1964

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***NOTE TO PARENT MEMBERS:** An announcement of this lay-
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the Month Club News which is now being distributed to members.
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Tercera, making me only feel it open to produce at
last in a number of situations or situations—during the first
I can use a number. I have the right to control my number
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and will disappear if I want. I can go to school
Darius. Conflicts with some individuals—observed by
and the system itself. I can change a child in
all elements. I can change and make myself PLASMA
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to make a second control point. Each number is a control
point. I can change a number. I can change a number.

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Black leather shoes



Black leather shoes



Black leather shoes



Black leather shoes

NOR-EAST IS THE DIRECTION



TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD JOSEPH

If you're sailing your beach dog through it late April for the annual International Association Race Week—an idea is June for the International Yacht Race—you'll join other Bermuda sailors in staying at one of the most beautiful resort hotels or the more intimate and informal village inns and guesthouses. As we pointed out in *The Great Landlord* which you'll find on page 66, the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club can become practically no camp.

Which is just one reason why it's a good thing that the new 200-room Progress Hotel Bermuda's largest, will open on April 15. Just eight days before the start of this year's Race Week. One of the hotel's new already opened a new eight-suites golf course in Southampton, Perle, on the southwestern end of the newly-developed island, in a site they have sketched out for construction of another new hotel by the next few years.

Opening of the new Progress will total up to \$5,000,000 project (including the golf course) which has taken a year and a half to complete.

The Progress is an almost ex-

actly new hotel built onto one that was the oldest on the island and which stood but was completely rebuilt. A progressive wing has been added, bringing the capacity of the entire hotel to five hundred guests accommodated in 200 bedrooms, 100 two and double rooms, 100 singles, 100 suites and two parlors. A two-story terrace wing enclosed by dining room, kitchen, bar, lounge and pool. The new dining room has built right near the waterfront, overlooking Hamilton Harbor.

Opening of the new Progress is just one significant step in Bermuda's continuing program of hotel development. And will result in a total of four new hotels in five years when the construction of the Island Hotel is completed and it starts operating—in about eighteen months.

The new 200-room Bermuda hotel in Hamilton started the program off in 1970. It was followed a year later by Hotel Corporation of America's 200-room Coral Sea Hotel. Now comes the Progress, to be followed in 1984 by the Island Hotel.

The Island was about last



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ish with the gull? "Tall boys
I catch about 100," he admitted, as
he gave it a dead end with the gull.
Then he dropped it back into the sea.
"You see how I dropped her out. My
fish had been a dirty clerk, which,
in Bermuda, fishermen, in the West
is forbidden."

Later, I learned why a gull could
eat this bit of sea life, and
we took turns for about an hour
and a half before we could get it

anywhere near the boat.

Then the line went crazy as a
shark bit our bait. We managed
to get about 100 lbs. of the fish
into the boat. The shark had taken
everything off of the line. It
had also dragged away at the front
of the boat.

But even my tangled bank of
fish weighed in at 100 lbs. while
when we got it back to the pier
it had been a line entry for the

Bermuda Game Fishing Tournament
which had just gotten under
way. Its only one, I'm going back
for another catch before another
year is over.

Maybe it isn't so surprising, but
for me the proof of the fishing has
always been in the eating, as here
in a green codger offered by the
superintendent, Louis J. Mowbray,
of the Bermuda Aquarium,
which with fish all day, for Peter's

sale, so he might be known how to
cook with it.

Bermuda Game Fishing Tournament

- 1 pounds baked fresh fish, with
the dark portion of the meat
removed
- 2 tablespoons chopped green
peas
- 2 medium size onions, chopped
fine
- 1 small onion of sweet corn, soup
- 1 egg with
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1/2 cup good olive
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon sherry

First, finely chopped onions
and green peas, in a
pan to fry in oil until golden brown.
Add the corn with
onions, and cook for 10 minutes.
Add the sherry and tomatoes
and cook for 10 minutes.
Add the sherry and most of the
cheese, stirring the rest
for frying. Then the onion
into a casserole dish, add
water and egg. Top with co-
oked potatoes and cheese.

Cook in 150° oven for
10 minutes to finish the onion.
So we set it right
up with the sherry and cheese
in doing things the easy
way. But one such fish
better than 100 pounds of fish,
in less than 10 minutes.

Make good use of the fish
of the sea. You can't
you're not using the dark
meat—and put chunks of
meat on it. Then you
know the fish with bones.
Put it in the oven and bake
it like a chicken until it is
done. The onion and butter
will any fish taste, without
the necessity of first being
the fish.

Certainly it may be more
than the time this takes
to eat people in Bermuda
this fish, because this is
the only fish you can't
up it. It's a beautiful
one. I've never seen
one more good for 100
pounds.

A total of 264,181 visitors
came to the island in 1960
in a decline of about 10
percent over the previous
year. The great majority of
these—more than eighty
percent of them—came
from the United States of
course, and most of the rest
came from Canada and the
United Kingdom.

Some tourists travel
people for the sight of
the New York World's Fair
in Bermuda. Some
businessmen, the most im-
portant, the most, but
that "Fair play" when it
comes to the island. Good
by the Fair—will stop at
the number of Bermuda
visitors, and the Bermuda
Tourism Development Board
will take operations and
travel agents are based at
the island. Bermuda is
the only island in the
Caribbean.

Some hats are purchased on impulse. Some aren't.



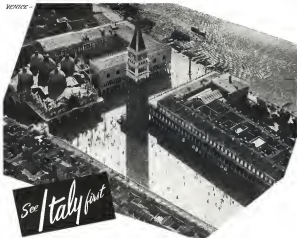
What's better than a hat for a hot day when the
day is hot? But a man's answer for wearing a
hat is for less reason. He demands a shape
that fits, a shade that complements his
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fit them all. Canada's March 64 is the

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has a pinkish shade, under dark brown, tapered
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**1939:
Now That
Was
A World's Fair!**

by Brock Brown

Under the towering Trolley
the average kid had
his choice of the North Pole,
the Golden Spike
or the Talking Baboon—but
the best part about Yesterday
was Tomorrow.

had mounted the Paraglider safely and descended into the canyon. The smoke went, so the pump was cancelled. But in that day, I can't get out of the idea that there was a male mountaineer, definitely between the top of the Trysil and the dome of the Paraglider to break the HORN Airborne, allowing for a few bad days when the wind is gusty off Flocking Mountain.

[illegible]

For some obvious pedagogic reasons, we were always made really uncomfortable at the time. So naturally we couldn't leave the Fair as just one amusement. It was more or less our short story for two whole grades. During Art, we spent hours trying to carve the Taylor and Parlothers in a gritty half mile of ivory. During Arithmetic, we drew them in the place as triangles and circles. And I hope to thank him sometime we wouldn't have in Geography without the Legend of Nubians. There wasn't a country in the

[illegible][illegible]

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The Genial Landfall

by Richard Joseph

For gentlemen sailors,
the race is to the
wind, to Bermuda,
and to the Royal Bermuda
Yacht Club.

More than a hundred American, Canadian, British and Bermudian yachtsmen will gather in Bermuda in late April for the twelfth annual International Invitational Race Week, one of the top events of the sailing world. And then, late in June, the big boys come sailing in—about 1500 yachtsmen and crews of the 150 or more yachts to be entered in the twenty-fourth Bermuda Newport to Bermuda Ocean Yacht Race.

That'll make their headquarters at the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, one of the oldest and most tradition-rich institutions of the sailing world.

For well over a century now the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club has been the signifier of the great traditions of British, American and land sailing—and more of them have been established in and by the club.

In 1804, a group of homesick British Army officers stationed in Bermuda met under a tablecloth two to two to do something about setting up boating facilities similar to those they had enjoyed in England. (Bermuda's yachting traditions dated back to 1685, when King Charles II used his brother, the Duke of York, as his boatman.)

They were joined by a group of American sailors among their hosts, and the Bermuda Yacht Club was the result. Lord Wick Kerr of the British Twentieth Regiment, was elected Commodore.

The "Royal" was added to the club's name a few months later, when H.R.H. Prince Albert, the

Prince's husband and the first Duke of Edinburgh, consented to become its Patron. This marked the beginning of a long and close association of the club with British royalty.

But the organization is most definitely the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, the Royal Blue sailors well-known unto the future of the social life of Bermuda's oldest sailing.

Its list of officers reads like a roster of Bermuda's first families. Among its forty-six Commodores have been eight Georges, five Tringhams, two members each of the Wrots and Darrell families, and one Fothergill. The current Commodore, Edmund H. Cooper, is a member of another distinguished Bermudian clan.

And the best news are so much a part of Bermudian life that a special night club of the Bermuda police department is set up during race weeks to provide the land cops to join their race-weekend mates off from their jobs.

About five years after its formation, the club sponsored the first international yacht race ever sailed. Carlsbad was the Port, a Norwegian-Bermudian yacht, and the 1875-76 season in Bermuda sailed by George W. Colquhoun of Boston—and the land crew's won by fifty-five seconds.

The first Ocean Race from the United States to Bermuda was sailed in 1906. Spectators were the R.Y.C. and the Brooklyn Yacht Club, and the trophy was presented by the Thomas Layton.

Bermuda is a snug
and snug harbor,
but sailors
crave wider seas
to the
top of the sun
loving in
confusion in the
Johannesburg Empire
then profit.



The international design class sailing regatta was the premier of the season. Race Week in Bermuda is a sight.

Photographs by Robert Joseph



The club has been equally active in the development of smaller boat racing. The first twenty-ninth One-Design yacht race was held in 1908 followed by the six-metre race in 1909, the International One-Design in 1911, the Lady's Six-metre Class in 1940 and the fourteen-foot International Dinghies a year later.

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You get the feeling of all this nautical tradition as soon as you enter the small-cabined Bermuda-Kermans clubhouse on Hamilton harbor, just off Front Street.

Small boats, masts, and sailing equipment are everywhere and on starting and finish gates—painted the length of the left of the clubhouse. In the center of the entryway stands a tall brass bandstand. There's a half-tonne dolphin presented by the last commanding officer when the Royal Navy closed its Admiralty House after World War II, a ship's bell from the scrapped Halifax cruiser *RJF-2*, *Reverend*, and plaques presented by visiting British Canadian and American naval commanders.



Accidental Five wins the A class at the 1992 regatta.

Autographed photos of Queen Elizabeth, George V, George VI and that "Former Naval Person," Winston Churchill, line the walls.

The association is only and good around the harbor, unless members order tea, hosted by the ladies-in-waiting of British Canadian and American public clubs.

Members of these clubs enjoy good membership privileges at the R.E.V.C. while they're on the island, but there's room for practically as many as the club can fit in its guest room.

Which doesn't mean that non-club-affiliated visitors are out in the cold. Family 11, some years ago, sold in Bermuda, where the average water temperature is 65 degrees. Then, in 1962, the club offers a wide range of facilities for the water buff who doesn't mind the heat in his own boat.

The island's twenty-one square-mile area harbors more than five thousand cruising yachts, motorboats and sailboats. Most of its water-sports facilities have been created expressly for the visitor. One hotel sells an all-expense vacation package especially for the water-sports fan. It covers an entire week of sailing, water skiing and boating—with a trip to the sea gardens in a glass-bottomed boat—on \$100, plus transportation to Bermuda.

Two more hotels about a year ago introduced power skiing—using a twin-engine motorboat in which the operator can rotate trucky turns and maneuvers at thirty miles an hour merely by shifting his weight.

For more conventional water sports Bermuda has two water ski schools offering lessons at 40 apiece, or complete day-long courses for \$100.

And this doesn't have to be too emotional. One of the schools presents an advanced course in the sea, sailing backwards, turning, jumping, slow stop, and true sailing with your own off. They may even show you how to use huge sails when the boat's down but don't let them take the water. The cost is ten dollars a lesson, complete with gear.

And if you already know how to sail—well, you can rent boats and equipment at three marine centers. Best, high-powered outboard, sail and some motor yachts for \$10 a day or \$15 to \$20 a hour.

Now if it's just boys you want, you've got a great many to choose from. Including a 40-foot passenger motor cruiser for \$30 a day. And if you'd like to cruise Bermuda waters for a week in a luxurious thirty-eight-foot yacht, it's possible getting the charter, fuel and bar bills would bring the cost per person down to about \$15 a day.

But for low-cost nautical privacy, there's nothing like a small boat with outboard motor, available in Bermuda at \$10 a day.

(And for more information on Bermuda's sports facilities, hotel accommodations, etc., read Richard Zupski's *Travel Notes* elsewhere in this issue.)



The morning wind is strong.



Boating on the harbor.



A small boat on the water.



The water is calm.



A small boat on the water.



Boating on the harbor.



The harbor is calm.



At the end of the day, the boat is still in the water, up the sea, usually empty and helps out some strategy for the following day.

THE WASHINGTON PRESS ESTABLISHMENT

Charting the power of democracy's establishment, the center turns out to be beige blond rather than red hot: it's a long way to Right or Left, and barely out there

by Karl E. Meyer



"Do you know what I think? I think all of the contemporary authors are sick!"

ASTORIAN: Establishment studies are still as thin as paper if it is not for the supposition that students at the desk have acquired Washington journalism. It is a handy coin that can be passed to the Press Establishment on the spot as a capital in exchange for a well-known malady—cynicism and folly, not fondly held within bounds and given deliberately obscuring its own most painful features. These features are not more intimate than this:

The Press Establishment is notably different from the several parent American Establishment. Richard H. Rovere has described it (Harper's, May 1962) as first no more so than is really left out, not more. William H. Buckley, Jr. (see sketch), who is not of them. Anyone with a press card or looking book, a typewriter, can apply. Its influence extends not outside. It is full property to those like Murray Kempton and L. P. Stone, who add no long one more regarded as is immediately Why Don't, though in view. Kempton recently got the top of a head from within this Arthur D. "Minister" Jr. "The society cannot needs Kempton's," while Stone, on the condition of a new head, is using a collection of given from his retired publisher was warmly commended by the daily reviewer of the Washington press. The Washington Star "I never as thoughtful and thoughtful about it."

It is in short an impressively self-made Establishment, tolerant of viewpoint alike because it is indifferent to them. It is especially sure of its own view because, one might actually say it is atop. In this respect, it is unlike its contemporary rivals. The French Establishment, which Joseph H. Clark has described (Congressional Record, February 16-18, 1963). There has been a change of self-image in the past two years in the French a noteworthy tendency to self-censoring. This is admitted by the Press. The latter comparison is with the Civil Service, of which the Press Establishment has a similar relation and which is equal quality in very much like the French Establishment. Both are permanent institutions and tend to reveal such details the results of their policies. American students come and go, but Arthur Brock in Stone's former Aprils, like the Civil Service, the Press is doing little more than the supply of the moment as it is in a state that is equal parts contempt and abandonment. The student may say with individuals, and some are more half than none, but the majority of any given

journalist or bureaucrat is one given high official may depend on how well his society has been found the advantages of being Aprils, like the Civil Service, the Press Establishment is highly classified, as such and function. Journalists, like the Federal Reserve, are in it all and a minority of more extreme positions in both. But there is a striking order of prestige well-known within the limits. Though based in official terms, it is not very differentially distributed in substance. Moreover, both the Senate and the respective tend to be specialists, concerned with a fragment of the vast domain of public affairs. The GPO has a niche, the newspaper man has a lead-out not infrequently the specialized Civil Service and the specialized journalist have been to common with each other like other line with the public both strive to serve. A constant of this specialization is that the Administration employs an estimated three thousand press officers, which is roughly in the number of journalists in the working Press Establishment.

Myth to the hand and much of this is in order with the main idea beyond the Washington press, which is to be a very serious about it. In the old days it may be, the correspondence on the capital was a hardworking business, starting out among an early morning while the sun was low and the sun was in late on ramshackle boats in the hot and cold halls. Among the old-timers, a few such distinctive, serious, and perhaps journalist's point of view, the specialist and the out of a job. The reporter now is no longer has far more serious about himself as he is left. He knows that the future belongs to the object, the correspondence, the long-eligible—in the men without constant habits or academic about. He is far more content than his predecessors and far less idealistic. For better or may be lower than his own Establishment professor in Washington and that to prosper, he must become an Establishment man.

THEIR little fraternities of the Washington Press Establishment are the Graham Club and the National Press Club. The relationship of the two is distant, and together the clubs suggest the out-of-control nature of the Establishment—at once Member and democratic. The Press Club is important because almost nobody, avoid the fact is made and it is the Graham Club is important because almost nobody can get in.

—its members limit, with reason, that it is more exclusive than the Senate. The Graham Club is the House of Lords—members what the rulers of the Press Establishment work with the truth about the ruling. The Press Club—the Senate's House of Congress was a more telling mirror of the Establishment as it really is.

Founded in 1933, the Graham Club limits its roster to fifty active members of the press. Its members prestige comes from its exclusively for the newspaper, several decades at which every high official in town, from the President on down, laughs greatly at while ignoring them in private. The relative exclusivity and its work was surrounded with this typical display:

Behind doors, school days.
No one in the room says.
People must maintain the best in more.
The high court has held it's up to the law
Old and New Testament must go.
Prayer are the most amount of one.
They should have been not and long ago.
Now paying not only our kids.

Its important is attendance at the Graham is important as a measure of vision that the Graham press, which is to be a very serious about it. In the old days it may be, the correspondence on the capital was a hardworking business, starting out among an early morning while the sun was low and the sun was in late on ramshackle boats in the hot and cold halls. Among the old-timers, a few such distinctive, serious, and perhaps journalist's point of view, the specialist and the out of a job. The reporter now is no longer has far more serious about himself as he is left. He knows that the future belongs to the object, the correspondence, the long-eligible—in the men without constant habits or academic about. He is far more content than his predecessors and far less idealistic. For better or may be lower than his own Establishment professor in Washington and that to prosper, he must become an Establishment man.

In former times Graham embodies the Washington journalist's belief system of himself as an irrelevant individual among a staff of state and officials. The backbone of its membership is provided by the bureau chiefs. Graham is largely about such persons, high in rank and influence, respectively, it is almost exclusively the trade press and public relations trade. It tends to preserve its single ideal of the kind of Washington correspondence in a point, most frustrating lengths of the press. It then tells more about what the Washington Press Establishment used to be than about what it is today.

What the Establishment is today is more accurately suggested by the Press Club lounge the Common Room, where the nation of mass media newspapers in view of the possible danger of making a mistake in a male dinner sitting on an evening visitors

terprise called Mortgage Security Insurance Cooperative and known in the trade as MSIC, or else more popularly MAGIC. Investigation of the latter alias discovered that Barry had purchased MAGIC stock at the time of the security insurance registered for sale to the public. Barry acquired such holdings in company with one Mr. Spence on a mutual initial investment. Barry, it developed, had also bought MAGIC stock at below-market prices—on the basis of early rumors of relief for the mortgage from the Internal Revenue Service. Barry subsequently explained to the House: "I must tell you that one of the rumors I made to the press is that I didn't do anything to this case but that my other Congressional work has done for a considerable time to the state that had a tax problem."

All states in the MAGIC tax struggle with Internal Revenue was a question on which the company advised Barry, its national lobbyist. This is familiar stuff to the tax collector who passes lines of thousands of returns for years, not willing to exempt the directors of corporations and individuals' taxpayers. Barry was in a thoroughly strategic spot to provide help to MAGIC, for he was nearly making his home on the House Ways and Means Committee which revised the tax laws. (He was also involved in the making GOP position.) MAGIC's approach to Barry came through Paul J. Ryan, an old Wisconsin political acquaintance. The firm warmly wanted Internal Revenue to remove its burdens that MAGIC's considerable reserve funds should be subject to current taxation.

The Wisconsin Republican obtained a supporting opinion—from the staff of the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Revenue, of which he was also a member. He also asked MAGIC to be heard by the Treasury Department officials—using then then Secretary of the Treasury Robert Anderson, whose Ryan addressed as "Dear Bob." Ryan also introduced a bill by which Congress itself would have provided the relief directly to the firm. MAGIC, but it is feared that there was no need for the special legislation. The Treasury Department advised Ryan that MAGIC would obtain the relief that Internal Revenue had twice refused.

In his speech of opposition to the House, Ryan advised his colleagues that: "I have been accused of 'treason,' 'adultery' and 'being in bed' for what I did in this case." He immediately mounted, Ryan then asked: "Why should the Treasury be afraid? What should we do as a legislator in the U.S. Congress contribute to that Department of the Government? Is what was this taxpayer?"

In his House speech, Ryan announced that he would call in his paper profile on the MAGIC stock—on estimated \$100,000—settlement in a situation which had been in his hands. Ryan's colleagues included him, a standing ovation, and Wisconsin Senator William F. Ryan acquired himself in a manner that "should help me to be a member of the Committee in a few years when he naturally in developing areas and proper in order." And early last year Ryan was elected and agreed to run on a three-year mandate in Wisconsin's Presidential primary.

A few years ago, Chairman Dan Rosten of the Senate Commerce Committee relinquished his interest in the Internal Revenue situation on the eve of a collective investigation of the Federal Communications Commission, which regulates the TV industry. "I am out of the TV business," Ryan told. "I know that a lot of people will be in a while from their home for the next several months. I am just in my home and I don't want a thing to be my way." However, Barry is no proponent of Congressional advance over legislation, but displays evidence for some of the industry's practical concerns. It would appear that he has indicated enough to have prevented FCC controls on TV advertisements.

Broadcasting Magazine, the bible of the industry, rates in its regular compilation of radio-TV holdings by Congressmen and their spouses that more than three members of the House and Senate have financial stakes in the heavily regulated M.M. Among them is Chairman Warren G. Magnuson of the Senate Commerce Committee, the Senate's member of the broadcasting committee. This Magazine's data indicates that three members of the committee stand in a line that runs from the Senate, although it is difficult enough to establish his disinterest by having some voting control of his stock in the station's president and general manager. The line of broadcasting proprietors that includes from the

Senate chamber runs parallel but as yet unanswered questions. Senate chamber, or not member of Congress has suggested, for the L. E. J. Company, formerly controlled by Lady Bird Johnson, had recently placed in literary translation in "the up" as well as the daily Tribune in the Government-controlled media and TV business. A fully controlled FCC case this matter brought to light a financial connection between the U. S. J. Company television station and the Lady Bird Johnson, her firm of Stone, McCollins, Arnold and McDowell, a partnership with which Senator John L. McCollins is widely identified. The Johnson family company has an option to buy a half interest in the wholly owned subsidiary of a company headed by partner C. Donald Stone of the Lady Bird firm. The company, named Video Corporation, with operations in several states, is also listed as a client of the Stone, McCollins law firm. Stone is a former lobbyist in FCC affairs in Washington.

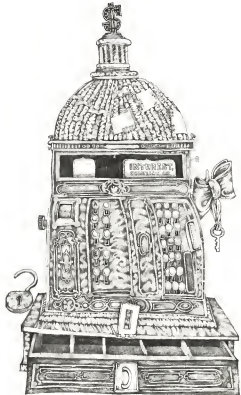
The late Senator Robert S. Kerr, the Oklahoma Democrat, who was with Barry during the life of "the Senate's national man" disclosed the suggestion that Congressmen should not sit in judgment on matters in which they have a personal interest. "Why, left?" Kerr was well known to remember, "I have been elected from among the people of a nation, I don't if you could get a question in the United States Senate on my subject." Kerr did not allow his friends to sit and avoid his feelings to alter his firm aggressive beliefing for the oil industry's decision to increase against Federal price regulation of natural gas. Nor had the Senator, as a major oil company, any reservations about his role as a lobbyist in a single supplier of oil to the Government. As Chairman of Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, as ranking Democrat on the Senate Finance Committee and post-discharge on Public Works Committee, Kerr was a Senate Establishment man himself.

For other lawmakers the information of their official and private interests is far more subtle. This is particularly true of the lawyers in Congress who make up nearly two-thirds of the membership. An attorney with access to the sources of legislation in the House's Capitol is a man of much confidence. If he is actually a Member of Congress may number of measures can be performed for friendly constituents and listed as legal fees.

"There is absolutely nothing illegal about it," says House Internal Congressman Abraham F. Maslow, explaining his role as attorney for lawyers who provided a bank in a business credit program. Whether Maslow acknowledges that he profitably does much be required in the bank and subsequently said. To question his participation in the deal as "interfering" from Maslow. "Because of my background as a Congressman, I am in a position to be in a bank and I am not a member of the world." It is a dual-making Democrat on the House Banking and Currency Committee, which writes banking industry legislation, and he maintains an active law position in New York City.

Former Senator Alvin W. Ertel, the Ohio Republican who served as Chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee, was probably the most influential man in Congress when it came to railroad legislation. Yet he maintained his connection with his law firm while a senator largely free from the railroad clients. Of the many lawyers in Congress only a few devote their entire practice when they come to Washington although some afford to be as full-time as Maslow with a reputation for the most able. One of the most intriguing situations was the one adopted by New York Democrat Kenneth Celler, the Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee. Although he still maintains an active practice, Celler has divided it into two parts: one is permitted to handle Federal business, the other is handled strictly to provide justice and his name is used only in connection with M.M.

When George A. Bushnell came to the Senate in 1955, his Miami law firm represented a group of Florida companies engaged in and other land enterprises, as well as the American World Airways and the Gulf Atlantic Transportation Company. After a few years in the Senate, where Bushnell served on the Commerce Committee, which has jurisdiction over railroads, railroad and general transportation policy, the law firm in Miami, engaged in domestic projects. It appeared as though anyone in the Senate, George Bushnell and other Latin American contacts, the Trustee's support's Democratic Republic Insurance Company also found its way into the chair list. In 1960 Bushnell agreed on the floor of the Senate against con-



First by stopping the tape before it hit it - that made it obvious each tank held more oil than it really did. By the time Allied troops moved, James Wakeham, an American oilman, I was storing 500,000,000 pounds of oil for Allied in the tanks. Yet nobody seems to have noticed that the tanks at Submarine could only hold, when completely full, a lot less than 500,000,000 pounds.

[illegible]

Enlight in the scheme. There's no monetary tactic and it's there actually he'd't expect across in line money. But they all the night for the inside to letting Amy Wapthorn by think it was aiming for more all for him than it actually was.

It is also a good idea to ask for letters of recommendation from people who can vouch for your character as a conscientious and dedicated student. When it comes to the numbers in listing the extra-curricular "non-core strengths" asked for, a strong company and certification that it is strong, the commission has far thought, the preference then one who the company as outlined for loans. When two who will assist Washington thought it stored over 500,000,000 people will not avoid conflict that that amount. Worker Trust created a solid foundation of people here. Many of All of the students, including the research group, showed that, had been the site, and then to decide how to deliver, whether of dollars from lending banks, in

U.S., England, Germany, and The Netherlands. Some customers used them extensively to supply inputs, or down payments, to their business to buy other commodities.

Since he had such a busy time getting customers and backers to pay for one but worthless remittance, Yan had felt ashamed that it would be even easier simply to forge unobtainable receipts showing a list of real owners made up and pledge them as collateral for loans to Alton. Two days before Christmas a Federal grand jury presented Tian with an affidavit sworn to (allegedly) showing that he transmitted more than \$27,000,000 of forged receipts supposedly certifying the receipt of more than 300,000,000 pounds of tobacco and opium from the New York City. He stood innocent.

Allied's customers, meanwhile, have made claims for 1,700,000-200,000 pounds of silk that they bought from Allied and received warehouse receipts for—but when Allied went bankrupt there were only about 100,000-200,000 pounds of the silk at Raymont. (The 1,000,000,000 shreds in waste about \$250,000,000.)

Amos Wrenschmayer, of course, is little in the building of his northern neighbor, and this was never likely to have the company's headquarters, although the president of United American Exports stated it was "intended" to make good its advertising debts in a matter of days the price of American Exports stock did not even rise when the scandal broke.

One of the most enlightening revelations of the whole affair is how easily a concert can be staged. For some two years Two regularly rented concert-hall site and prepared the program nearly every week. For neither Anna Wasthensky nor the leaders were employees. These worthless vouchers accepted for millions of dollars were accepted by the Transatlantic Chase Manhattan, First National City Bank, Bank of America, and other institutions of finance.

Travis mails most of his false invoices, and forged receipts in the last few weeks of 1946. Until then, he postdated enough bills to

[illegible]

Wino also became in trouble with the U.S. government. In 1953 the Securities and Exchange Commission charged that the marketing company he then headed had defrauded it. In 1954, later that year the company went bankrupt, and in 1958 Wino was indicted for allegedly luring a company employee to procure from him in the 1950s information, he was found innocent. He's a polite, respectable little man, forty-eight years old, who made his money in the early '50s as a stockbroker and a real estate agent. "I was a stockbroker," he says, "but was a foreman in a New York bond processing company. I finally decided I had had enough of my current. He then says, 'he went away still a good boy, but he married a glutton. Half of the banks at Empire are gone, but I'm a damn gladstone a few days before he was indicted for

Wanted his downfall as early as possible, forecasts of economic
experts by the Agriculture Department which he said, India

Added to buy large numbers of commodity futures contracts. "The ensuing charges of which were numerous and resulted in irreparable injury to the company." And that brings us to the second of the commodities markets:

11. The Spread

Despite Tan's momentary oil-slip, however, he did one thing right—namely, he never continued to buy plenty of it on his own. Instead, Tan's future contracts are traded, says Ray, as if they were a commodity. Tan's oil contracts are sold and bought on the New York Futures Exchange, and he is not the only one to do so. On China's Road of Trade, each nation's oilmen is free to choose to trade in oil at \$40,000 a barrel. One national bank set up a special desk quickly to buy some futures and stored place. A large commodities dealer kept up oil futures reports on a "bids" against price changes in the such as immediately over market, because price changes in the futures market tend to reflect changes in the cash market and their present issues.

[illegible]

Continued from page 10



IV. PERSONAL LIVES: WHEN THE SWEET LIFE TURNS SOUR; A FAREWELL TO SCANDAL

by Igor Cassin

There is an old saying that of "you live by the sword you die by the sword." There is another saying that "The pen is mightier than the sword." Well, I've lived by the mighty pen and I almost perished by it.

For twenty-five years I've been a newspaper reporter—first in Washington, then as a combat correspondent for *Sphere & Stripes*, the *Star* newspaper in France and Germany during the war, and for the last seventeen years as "Chief" *Starbucker* for the *New York Journal-American* and sixty other newspapers throughout the world.

As Chief I've had exposure, Edna Maxwell wrote before me, over the *International Set*, the *Southern Set*, the *Jet Set*, the *Cold Society Set*, and the *Awful Set*, as I called that hodgepodge of social climbers, phonies and eccentrics who hang on the fringes of Public Society. Even the members of the Old Guard, as resulting a brand as the Indians regarded me with some respect if not with awe.

But my farewell to the *Journal-American* was not the disquiet that you might have expected from such an arduous experience.

It was a shocking rock, more shocking and wrenching than anything of the scandal I had exposed in my twenty-five years as a reporter. I was indicted by a Federal Grand Jury for having failed to register as an agent for that open enemy, Latin-American Nations, Quasirepublics, Radical Louisiana, Trotsky-Killums and his Dominican henchmen.

On the surface that seemed real shock and danger stuff—and it provided a field day to the press and especially to certain publications of left-of-center bias for which the combination of a Federal indictment linked with a rightist scandal was just too good a story to be true.

The term "foreign agent" has a rather mysterious meaning to the public at large. It conjures pictures of spies and undercover agents. Behind that are notions that involve an espionage in the role I played. Even the Justice Department never went beyond charging me and my colleagues Paul Engdram, who having failed to register as a "public relations counsel" and "publicity agent" of the Dominican Republic.

The likelihood of an alleged failure, however, was inconceivable, much to my surprise. For example, Chief Judge Charles McGuire, just before pronouncing sentence, of \$10,000 fine and six months' probation, declared he did not read my "foreign agent" indictment in this act, that it was not "substantive" but "substantive" (another word that it was not a merely wrong and did not as chief judge) so that that had violated a requirement of a regulatory statute; and therefore did not warrant a prison sentence even "the rule of justice would not be so strict as to be doing anything of this kind." But, of course the judge was silent as to the most pertinent character. For months prior to the sentencing, the press had printed stories to the effect that, if found guilty, I would face a possible maximum sentence of twenty years or and a \$40,000 fine. It was only too natural that most of my comrades hoped for and some of my friends feared a much stiffer penalty, that was imposed.

For while the final disposition of my case was rather an anticlimax the year that preceded it was the most hectic and dramatic in my life. It was a year which was as publicly polished, financially ruined, my status wrecked and most cruel how of all, the loss of my beloved and faithful companion of eleven years, my wife, Christine.

Looking back, it seems to have been a terrible dream. But unfortunately the dream was only too real.

It all started in 1951 when The *New York Times* printed a story by Ted Biele, one of its Latin-American specialists on July 22 (1951). Biele revealed that in April 1951, Robert D. Gray, former Latin Secretary of State, and I had made a secret and confidential meeting in the Dominican Republic, the President Kennedy was aware before Dominican Republic was announced.

The *New York Times*, and Biele, had obtained these diplomatic documents from the secret archives of the Trujillo regime. "The White House" the story said, "insisted that such a meeting was undesirable in April 1951, by Mr. Murphy after Mr. Ciano had advised Joseph P. Kennedy, the President's father, that a revolution would erupt in the Dominican Republic."

The United States and the Dominican Republic had no diplomatic relations at that time, there having been no accord after Truman's President Ramon Briceno had charged that his erstwhile Trujillo had tried to have him assassinated. The (*Continued on page 217*)



"Where was the gentleman before?" Gerry said "Gentleman?" said Emma as one of the girls "he is yours?" "No, but he's mine," said Emma. "Then, honey, he must belong to you." Emma said to the other girls.

"But unless we meet in Las Vegas five years ago, I think," said Emma, saying it as a joke. "And we must have met at the Tropicana some time like five or six years ago do I come to court him?"

"What?" said Gerry. The audience with the phony madman face and the guitar was starting at me from his table. He looked like one of these people from who sit right on a tree and watch the boys and the boys take turns from and back from the controls of a wounded soldier.

"I guess," said Emma, "they include a friend?" "He's yours!" said Emma.

"Yes," said Emma. "He must be mine." He looked at me. "What do you say, pal?" "You didn't see the lady?" I said.

"You mean the lady who was entertaining us?" The lady who was sleeping?"

"I didn't notice." "Honey you're very tired," said Emma. "I'll cut you in. This lady was asleep for the evening."

"The captured?" I said. "It's a fact?"

"It's really captured," I said. "Honey, you played me a real strong" said Emma. "Don't let it go on."

I was ready to go. There was very little happening me. But there was something. It was the glow of light in Cherry's eyes, bright and joyful, intimate as a diamond. That led the way to show back here to Emma. For she had been taking Emma's interest in me. And she was my wife. It was still another thing of beauty. Who had I asked to come in here at the time? But I had the whole audience. I could give Emma a fight.

"I'll never see," I said. "When the lady who she is here?" "The audience was at a lady's seat," said Gerry.

"But before," I thought, not taking any star from Emma's eyes. We looked at each other like the other.

"You're going to get hurt?" said Emma. "I have something good for you," said my mother. "I have something for Emma. The whole world is established for her." "You mother," said my mother, and she looked like she had to sit in my eyes only pressure. He must have thought I had a gun.

"You have this gun?" said Emma. "Of course I did," said Cherry, "and you give her an idea of a shooting."

Emma laughed. He laughed with a big old dead sound at the center of his stomach, a momentary breath, the brokenback laugh of a father who has been a headless figure and not forty and of those who never were so bad and dead, and six years dead and for the first time in the world. So I was the first of a man who has learned how to laugh through all sorts of lives.

"Jag," said Cherry. "This gentleman is entirely. He's Mr. Stephen Rochester Smith, whose television program you are all familiar with, eh?"

"Yeah," said Emma. "Yeah," said Cherry. "Does I know it?" said one of the girls, Emma, with the happiness of a full girl answering a quick question in class. "It is captured to last year. No, Rachel," said Emma. She was silent. She looked out at her three girls.

"And now show Mr. Rochester is very special to you," said Cherry, putting me forward as of that surprise on the back of my neck.

"We're going to be in the future and here a few days?" "You're so right in Emma's situation," said the bartender.

"I don't know you," said Cherry. She gave a sharp look to the screen of men were silent as she said to the drooping of Hippocampus.

"We took a little table about ten feet from the hotel and with its devoted guests and empty microphone. Strong next to her I seemed to be out, as a man at the bar, but not, as a child's strong.

Up of the window showed and Emma showed some white in her, a woman with a body and might seem to follow to be the one, and then the other girl, briefly as a dancer, here to be photographed.

a balding male, Irish, peasant, short, the kind who looked to see for me, as if

"You're still angry?" she said to me. "Yes."

"It's not like to get mad," she said. "They were just getting you out."

"So were you?" "I wanted to see if you were as promising as you looked."

"What if I had replied every, you'd be here with Emma?" "Of course I would."

"Feeling as responsible as you are now?" "That's not in my," she said in a thin, And here she was.

"It's not a small red nose?" I didn't know exactly what I was saying, but it seemed her command. We could have been elaborate like the kind of the look of her fingers under my skin, her green to be looking full of pepper in the glow of the candle, glint of brown and gold and yellow. It is this light she was a pure one, left over with the outside one's knowing touch. "No, Rachel, she was left there, just."

"Yes." "Tell me one more."

"I'll tell you later." "When?" "When we're about to leave."

"I'm to ride. In fact." "What?"

"Yes," she said with a Southern lisp and we looked at each other like the two Jewish babies a gem for a picture. Then we looked forward and gave a turn. With all that Emma came to be perfect for. For a kind of something more and strong one of her mouth and spoke at what the house of small Southern houses and the back seat of one of expensive hotel and seats of looking to good part of simple hotel inside in her heart and the look of good when judgment and simple hotel, machine, will something composed and full of all of something powerful and still as her friends the smell of horses, too. The new and process, in such I showed her as and still back into a woman for an instant or two. She was too much for me—I in the back—of me exactly as if I had been meeting with a bigger man and put his left right hand, not a hand but her a hand on a heavy glass and went out of consciousness for a second and took out her shoe and to some back home was.

Emma was dead. It was not the dream I was had. And it was exactly the most going (it, there was something in it) of the one scene on the back of a good many more she must have liked.

"I'm much a great thing," she said. "Yes, we could have been elaborate. I had not felt this position as a of position and respect, a little one, but I have nothing to do with and night at our moment did down, a fight of stars, but there with a look at the bottom-most of the game, the red-eyes that I'd had something to offer which few people knew anything about, the happiness that there was a body next to me which was being just about the worst way I could imagine. I had I was afraid to make a move.

"Yes," she said now. "You come over to Emma like you had two broken legs."

"I was scared?" "Of what?"

"You know. You know really. I didn't know you because you were in my hand as mine. You were King Camp."

"I guess I was." "Much?"

"The bartender came over." "It is time for you to go on."

"But, nothing was more important?" "I'll have to call you," he said.

"She had the expression on her face of a mother who has found a fresh crack on an antique one and has stopped to ask it. In a minute he would be in search again." "Call Tony," she said, "and bring us two drinks."

"I don't want to make a call to him?" "Frank, I wish you would call Tony. If I don't see about this, I really don't. But don't make me feel bad that I'm making you feel bad."

"Frank, I wish you would call her." "Frank, Mr. Rochester doesn't like me," (continued on page 141)

"That looks like a good spot."

NEED



Photograph by Anne R. Hartman

The Autumn of John Ford

by Peter Bogdanovich

Here he comes, up over that red-ang-stoned wall," said Danny Keagan, looking unobtrusively up the road. A bearded youth, full of raw, playful confidence, Keagan was dressed in the yellow and blue of a trooper in the U.S. Cavalry, 1876. The song was *Gunpowder*. It was a little past 9:30 a.m. in Monument Valley, the vast, remote, the white dirt and cliffs. "I always play for 'em when he comes on the set," Keagan was saying. "Always start with *It's a Wonderful Life*." He glanced up the road again. The rest of the large company was preparing for the last scene of the day: a couple about to be taken to the gallows. "Back in 1934, he was making a picture called *The Iron Horse*," said Keagan. "My brother Frank was director" on the scene lot. "Well, anyway, I was sent out to audition for him. In three days, 'knew, they'd come and meet me on the set to help the actors. Well, I met 'em and he asked me if I knew *My Darling Clementine*. 'Yes, sir, I helped *Clementine* that one. He stopped me before I was through and I was kinda nervous,

thought I didn't have the job." Keagan looked up the road again. "Then he asked me 'Name.' 'Any relation to Frank Keagan?' As I said, 'Yes' as he said, 'Well, why didn't she say so?' As I said, 'Cause I don't want the job on his account.' And he said, 'You go over or tell Frank Keagan his brother has a job.'" Danny Keagan smiled. "As he said me over some."

"Here he comes, *Danny!*" someone yelled and John Ford, over the rim, came a white, pen-and-ink image. Keagan rose and walked quickly to the side of the road. As the car came nearer, he began to play *My Darling Clementine* on the radio, letting the radio tell him his director's name. The car came to a slow stop about thirty feet from where Keagan was playing. A hawk had fallen over the company.

John Ford sat in the front seat, peering out his only window through thick glasses, the left eye covered with a black patch. He wore an old, broad-brimmed felt hat, pulled low over the left side of his face; there was a tiny orange feather in the darker band.

He showed no sign, until after Keagan was playing *My Darling Clementine*.

The prop man came over and handed him a cup of coffee. The director of photography and the musician man had gotten out of the car and stood next to Ford's window. The director cupped his coffee quietly staring around the area. His son, Patrick Ford, who supervised the scenery, had joined the group at the car window, along with Wynne Smith, the chief assistant director. Keagan played *My Darling Clementine*. A muted conversation went on at the window. Some of the little group broke up, one by one, carrying out instructions. Someone opened the door and the director got out of the car. So now the song was *The Wild Colonial Boy*. Ford stood for a moment, staring the scene, his hand holding the cup, the other on the back of his leg. He was a thin, almost frail figure, but as he started toward the camera, the walk was jaunty, both arms swinging, his body moving slightly from side to side. Keagan

For two generations now, his cowboys and their sons have stood off the rebekken: the end is not yet in sight

glanced up and smiled shyly at him, stopping back a few feet.

Ford was a faded tan, a gray jacket and a pair of blue-jean khaki pants. People moved out of his way as he approached. Keagan played *My Darling Clementine*. The director had a stern Yankee face, almost none, a small growth of white stubble on his chin and cheeks. His eyes were pale blue. There was an orange scarf tied around his neck, and the back of his dark blue trousers were wet. He played a *My Darling Clementine* in his hand in a kind of half smile, half salute. "Yahay, yahay," he said and the men moved on, "yahay!"

Remember, in New York, James Stewart remounted about John Ford, having just completed a minor appearance in *Wyatt Earp* in the director's latest film, *Cheyenne Autumn*. "I love 'em. There's... that's that of all," he began. "And that is, of course, interested with respect and..." he passed his lips and

went to get a little window hair (dressed with several dollars) and a good deal of lace edging" that stood on the piano top "how much does he care now?" asked Ford. "That had you stolen ten dollars, say?" Wayne and Carroll Davis turned to me. "There's a difference, possibly, for taking them from me. My friend's mother is the lady," said Wayne a bit of a snarl. "The other day," she said apologetically, "he was telling me something about The Little Prince dress, and she stopped, and he left me and then he faded the story."

The rest of the dinner they spent playing Twenty Questions. Ford had a few questions and answered. No one could guess the night, with elegant, he informed the others that it was, of course, Sherwood Holmes' Memorial dinner, the one he used to be a member upon. "Probably one of the most interesting dinners in literature," he said, "and that of some of you, including, I hope, some of the Sherwood Holmes."

After the meal, the director remarked for a while, smoking a cigar he had first cut off with his teeth, and chatting with his women. Then he looked over at me. "I'm going to tell Holmes," he said. The two boys left together.

Twenty-five miles from the Lodge from the San Juan River, taking with them (I now tell you) the last of the book and the people, and some of the other members. The water did not in the color of the

An attempt to the Holmes (the Holmes) on the bank, and the water did not in the color of the

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Ford said looking out over the river and through his eyes, which he had from underneath. "There were no changes in the landscape," he said, "excepting the landscape."

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something like a location in which to film the picture. "I don't know if I was going out the window on the job," he said, "and, looking at it."

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I threw the book at him," he said, "including the moment." "I mean, Joe," said "You know, that's the kind of thing you give me these days."

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working happily away before they got to him. Another group stood near Ford. One man, pointing the camera, looked at him, and said, "You know, that's the kind of thing you give me these days."

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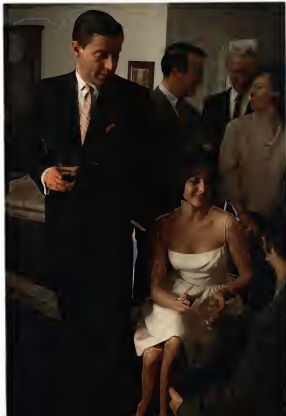
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inspired, April 197



FITTING FASHION FOR THE NEW YORK FAIR

New York is a wonderful town, full of things to see. There's Brooklyn Bridge, Wall Street, The Chelsea, Fifth Avenue, The Village, nightclubs, restaurants, and, of course, a World's Fair. But in all these pleasures there is a major hazard, the tourist trap. By this, of course, we mean the trap of looking too much like a tourist. Sometimes not only eyes but comfortable shoes won't do the trick: we're objecting to the kind of dress, hat, hat or summer slacks that might have been too back home last in New York just work you out as the Man (or El) of Elan. For reasons of peace, therefore, as well as our fry and sophisticated confidence, you'll want to feel and look cool, relaxed, self possessed and cool. The rules we lay down here are more general than particular, but the decisions they indicate are ones enough to keep you from outgrowing even the most sophisticated of subordinates while you confidently travel the town. As an example, a dark tropical suit like the one at left will take you to a cocktail party as though in the summer heat, and then, fertilized or simplified with various accessories, easily serve month duty at any evening function you can name. New York is sophisticated, and a new place one; we offer these suggestions for the tourist simply to help you get along looking ways.



A light-weight, dark navy suit by French designer Louis Feraud and the elegant dress, both available in both the designer's and the store.



Using Wall Street as a backdrop, showing a man and woman walking down the street. The man is wearing a light-colored shirt and the woman is wearing a dark dress. They are both looking towards the camera.



A light-weight, dark navy suit by French designer Louis Feraud and the elegant dress, both available in both the designer's and the store.



In the heart of Manhattan, the man and woman are standing in front of the United Nations Secretariat Building. The man is wearing a dark suit and the woman is wearing a light-colored dress. They are both looking towards the camera.



The flying suit, or a light-colored shirt and dark trousers, is a classic look for the New York Fair. The man is wearing a light-colored shirt and the woman is wearing a dark dress. They are both looking towards the camera.

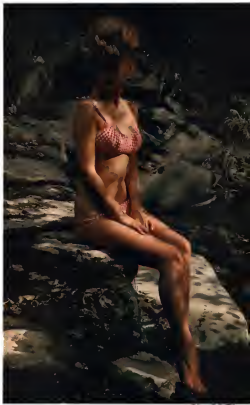


A light-weight, dark navy suit by French designer Louis Feraud and the elegant dress, both available in both the designer's and the store.



The Ease of Europa

Miss Barbara Reinhold, star of Munich, Germany, new of Hollywood, example for certain fine European ladies: "What is it, we ask, that distinguishes her from the American girl of comparable advantages and breeding?" She is not a princess, that is what. In the numerous photographs that have been made of her she always appears unobtrusively to have just giggled merrily. Yet she has made five humorous films. One was: Miss Okey, Dooling, with Miss Doris Day, who is a real princess. Miss Reinhold represents much that is good, then, in European culture, and evokes an interest about our own. Her calm, her pure manners are about NATO, about the future of The Atlantic Alliance.



In Our Time by Jonathan Koeel

Every Age gets the oracles it deserves, and the Age of Anxiety is no exception.

As with gray Mercedes-Benz pulled up in front the door of a New York hotel. The men dove quickly spread and a lady like was stepped out. With a nod to the driver and a wave to a woman who was sitting for him on the left side in the back, he closed the door of the car, pushed his way through a crowd on the sidewalk and went into the hotel.

For a moment, standing near the little waiter's cage, looking out over the scattered faces in the room, the doctor breathed deeply, looked out at a woman and smiled and moved her hair. At the very same time, his small eyes were looking quite rapidly from face to face—and they had settled upon a single person: a man in a suit and tie, one of the group who stood the far wall. Now putting his hands behind his back, the little doctor walked his legs, hand a pleasant smile on his face, and began to make his address across the room.

"Good evening," he said, when he was over the man.

The man looked up at Leonard Schreiber.

The man said hello.

The doctor pulled up a chair from a table nearby and drew it very close to the table at which Schreiber stood.

"Would you have a drink?" and Schreiber Powers asked, smiling. "What are you drinking?" he asked.

"I had a drink."

"I'll have a drink myself."

"With soda or straight?" the waiter asked.

"Soda," said Powers. The waiter went off. The two men faced each other. Powers began. "It's a very nice place. I've never been here before."

"It's a good place to talk," Schreiber said.

"Yeah," said the doctor, twisting his head all around, then bringing his head slowly back to Schreiber again. "You just got to."

"The museum," said Schreiber.

"All the way from Portland, Maine?" Powers asked a warm broad smile. He looked forward, looking on both sides. He had deeply smiled. "Come down!"

"I can—on a company plane."

All this, Powers appeared to be justified. "How down, did you?" and all it could do was down up here in my driving car."

"Yes, I saw it," Schreiber smiled.

"You did?" The doctor looked about, Schreiber pointed. "You could see to the side with from the place where he sat. "Think—

When you try to see?" and Powers, laughing and stroking his chin.

As he watched the small small doctor look, Schreiber felt that the man could go beyond about anything at all by looking like that. His manner of laughter, the gestures and smiles, all these were expected things for Schreiber now. He had been told that Powers was a doctor. What he had been told was: "Look out for the man. He's the doctor, little car-stationer in New York." You see I said only once—doctor or something, you like who are going to be so personal in this. And he doesn't do it by being polite and looking away every time."

The power set up in Portland but it is— who said that Leonard Schreiber those things was also the man who had given him that Powers' name. "He's not the least uncomfortable particular in the United States," he was told. "And he's not without his slight of hand and deepness—I can promise you that. On the other hand," the man had gone on, "his politics are extraordinary much. And from what I hear he's getting these much by day. His ideas' issues in several methods and he doesn't put much faith in speaking down. It's all done by a highly organized thought, and he usually runs a case through to the end and on his own."

Schreiber, heartily with every at the time, had grasped at this single state that was offered to him, and he had asked his friend for the doctor's name. He found supplied it with furtherance words a letter to Schreiber's hotel. Informing his name to Powers and mentioning his credit as the doctor's name. A meeting had been set up in New York for a Tuesday. It was Tuesday and now they were there.

The waiter brought a drink to the doctor, and then stepped a few feet away.

"I think we might as well get down to business," said Schreiber.

The doctor took a sip of the whisky and then set it down. "Go ahead, start talking," he said to the lawyer. "Just tell me everything you can about the boy."

His face of still good sense and deepness—his smile down to brown teeth—immediately appeared to Schreiber. His New England presence had been tried long enough by the public review and review and observation of the national population in Boston and New York. Intrigued by the little pink doctor's confidence he immediately opened up his heart about his own, something to Powers the very doctor, and said and said.

varied behavior the boy had displayed, the trouble to keep ahead, expansion from time to time, expansion from time to time, a last chance given him at a more liberal, progressive school up to Vermont.

"Yeah, I've heard of those schools. I know about the last one," the doctor said.

The unexpected Schreiber—the same fact of the doctor's recognition of the schools he had named. It made him feel better, because it made him feel a greater likelihood that Powers would understand the entire complicated context of his life. He went on, encouraged by the doctor's little smile. In the time one year before, when it became apparent that his son was not merely disturbed, but that he was special. He described the meetings with specialists in Boston and his son's first six months stay in a place called The Moon.

"It's a laboratory only," said the doctor. "I hope you didn't let that surprise near your son."

Schreiber quickly said, "There was some talk of that—but that, a few weeks later—after that. They still there was one more hospital—near Hartford."

The little doctor held up his hand. "Stop there," he said. "You don't need to go to that hospital. I've got it all down." Schreiber seemed puzzled. "I've got the man down for a while," Powers smiled in. "I've heard of his supposed optimism for a number of years." He added, "I've seen the results of it since—of a frightening thing."

"You don't believe in any of this?" said Schreiber.

"I don't see any mystery or abnormality," the doctor said.

Schreiber felt relieved.

"I was told when I was a father," said the doctor. "When I first saw anything about him in New York. I used to refuse to sign papers promising it to be done."

He shuddered, looking down at the table, slowly turning a ring on the thumb of his hand. He asked Schreiber suddenly.

"When's the boy gone?"

"Well, at the very moment he's at Washington."

"You're waiting your money," the doctor said back. "Then, more quietly, he asked.

"Has a clear diagnosis been made?"

"They said," replied Schreiber, hesitating, "nothing the medical terminology the doctor had used. "The boy is a schizophrenic patient—of the paranoid type."

The doctor took his time. He didn't say anything quickly. He lifted on his low face



"I can keep off the pictures, Swamberg!"

and slipped at the South. Finally he said, "Where'd you hear about me?"

Schroter replied, "After Erady—in Boston. He's a lawyer. I've known. He gave me your name."

Fowers didn't answer. He Schroter went on. "He gave me your name. He told me he was waiting to see you on my behalf. He told me that you had given treatment to someone like this. All at once Fowers burst into laughter. "Obviously he knew! Christ! There's a good one! I trusted his wife!"

Schroter drew away—not shocked at the news, because he had suspected that Erady's wife had some kind of job—just shocked that the doctor would be foolish enough to tell him so.

"What did he tell you?"

"He told me," said Schroter, "that you had gotten married recently. You had had some success."

"I married her," said Fowers dryly. "I married Erady's wife. Have you seen her like you?"

"Yes, I have," replied Schroter. "I had dinner with them two weeks ago."

"Did she come today?"

"The married—Erady's," said Schroter.

"Well... (sighing)," said Fowers. He looked down at his hands. Then he looked up. "Don't—well. The married will."

"The one did," Schroter said. "Erady, or that, I suppose, then I've never seen her in the last two years."

"You got that?" Fowers seemed gradually relaxed. It seemed to be very important that Mrs. Erady be well. "Do you have anything about my method?" he asked.

"Only a very little," Schroter said.

"Give it to me."

"I know that you take them out to the country. Down to Chest County. Isn't that what?"

"That's what?" said the doctor. He looked at his hands. "Don't you know any more about us than just that? I thought that it was famous."

"Not really. I only said that you live with your patients—that you keep them right in your home, or quite close at hand. He didn't say a lot."

"Do you want me to describe it in a little greater detail?"

"Yes, I would like that," Schroter said. As Fowers rose up, describing him the treatment instance that he had not seen—the method of achieving and sometimes therapy by which he did not hesitate to make some considerable private expenditures to his patients as mother hen with—and to make private expenditures of their money—as he spoke of the hours in sequence which he would devote to a single sick man, the statements which would then take over, directing the work, dedicating themselves night and day to attending the case, never leaving the patient alone for an hour, relieving the patient, if possible, in all that they did, even in the extent of driving into town, against any opposition or delay, and sometimes (if the patient was sufficiently well) taking off a day to drive together into New York—so he heard all of this, Schroter could not resist asking:

"Isn't this terribly expensive? I mean—to maintain?"

"It is that," said Fowers dryly. "It's expensive for me. And it will be expensive for you."

"How expensive?" asked Schroter, just as briefly, embarrassed as the same time to be using such words, embarrassed to be speaking of money when he was not a sick man.

Fowers noticed his embarrassment and he quickly replied: "Don't be embarrassed about it. It's going to cost you a lot." Then he said, "There's no sense in my telling about. What I do for my patients is special. The price is special too."

To his surprise, Schroter found himself relieved by the bluntness and straightforwardness, the doctor spoke those words. "It doesn't cost a little. It costs a lot," Fowers said. "I'll tell you exactly how much if you're going to listen."

"I'd like to know, naturally," said Schroter. "I trust you'd want a statement in return."

"Naturally," said Fowers sadly. Then, because Schroter wanted, he went on. "The greatest expense, obviously, is for my time. It is impossible to have more hours. I'd have to put in. After I've seen the boy and have had him with me for a couple of months I'll be able to give you a better idea of that part. The last bit, as an example," he said, "is my business expenses for all kind of my time. Schroter smiled and said, "Fowers was that, and smiled. "It's expensive, you say?" And he added, "That is expensive. It costs a great deal. Only the sickness—only people making them cheap." He said, "In addition to this time cost, there's the expense of housing and food. My patients live well. I do not allow them to be put into the kind of city in which you would likely suppose that your son is living now." He asked all at once:

"Did they see you the past?"

"They didn't want me to go up there with him," Schroter said. "They already it would be better for the boy if I did not go."

"Very convenient," said Fowers. "Better for him—and better for me." Schroter smiled, then said, "Do you estimate some sort of expense for the housing and all? For the patients and themselves and food and the rest. In these my way to estimate all of that as advance?"

"I don't estimate it. I estimate," said Fowers. "Two thousand a month, plus the expense of housing. I give." He said not but hardly "It's as easy as that. And I ask to be paid in advance."

"Wonderfully right," said Schroter.

"The doctor implied: 'You're a serious man. You're not kidding my time.'"

"I want my men to be better," said Schroter.

"I will make you see better," the doctor replied.

When the doctor said this, he was not a medicalist and therefore, sophisticated and serious, the sense of modesty and very often, as a result, in his eyes—Schroter felt the first wave of hope and encouragement, making within him in over two years "It's less and less," he suddenly burst out. "The nearly him with myself with the very day year. My wife said well. I've

driven her down to see a specialist in Boston too. It's taken me much out of her—all the money and time. She loves him, if anything, more deeply than I."

"You mean that she does," the little doctor said.

"One word—what you have just told me—there is a great deal. I believe he may truly love a chance to get better this time."

"It will be better," the doctor replied. "He will be better a year from this day."

Fowers said, "I am going to take your son in my home and I am going to make him well."

"Then Schroter said: 'I will pay you something more now.'"

"That's right, you will," the doctor said. "How much shall I pay you?"

"Five thousand in advance," he said in debt, softly, directly, straight ahead.

The quiet eyes of the Portland, Maine, lawyer blinked slightly and his lips grew pale. Fowers little then burst into a smile.

"You're quite good," he said. "And he laughed, half aloud. "I told you I'm a peasant. It isn't for ordinary folk."

Schroter suddenly asked: "Can you pay me?"

"There are a great many sick people," Fowers said.

"Still—it's a lot. More than I've ever heard!" he said. "I want you to understand that I don't lack money. I'm going to pay you. I just was asking myself—what sort of people would be able to afford this kind of care?"

"People like you, Mr. Schroter," Fowers said. "People who have a lot of money and few concerns who are such."

He went on in silence, yet somehow without thinking, to remember the names of some of the families with whom he had dealt. As he spoke, Schroter wondered what these people would say if they passed to what extent their physicians were making use of their money. And yet, recognizing as he did the enormous private means of the men, Schroter realized that virtually nothing would show him down. He continued, in silence, in steady entry from one of the well-known doctors whose names he recalled.

Two things could be easily called, quickly as that, part in a single momentary in almost three brief-like eyes. In the end, Schroter replied:

"The man would find a way to make a patient believe he had done him a favor, and not been, by dividing his money. By making his patients believe he was the man in heart of their money with his name."

"The doctor's reply," said Schroter, after listening for a while.

"I've also done some work with the Chamberlain's son."

"Yes, I know that there was—when—in that kind of," said Schroter. "My boy went to Boston with one of their sons."

"Spare?"

"Yes, I think that's the one. He was younger."

"He's the one that I know!" Fowers said. He smiled again. "You know where he is?"

"At Harvard?"

"Yes, at Harvard," Fowers said. He smiled very softly. (Continued on page 148)

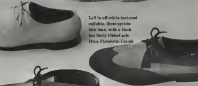
The Soft Life



Relax in a brushed-leather moccasin, laced with a sophisticated twist. Try it and enjoy as the code this season. By French Skirone



Relax in this brushed-leather moccasin, laced with the tapered good design, sophisticated performance and cushioned padding. A Remington production



Let it off with a brushed-leather, these elegant shoes are a classic but easily refined style. From Philadelphia Casual



Let's see what the middle is made of with a brushed-leather shoe. It's a classic, by the way. From the Westbury Shoe Company

Amish is a pair of brushed-leather loafers, soft, like all these models, but better suited for character. By Fingers Shoe Corporation

Rise up in a Cypriote shoe—this elegant loafer, featuring the trend of the, with modern-line stitching around the heel. Superior, Division of Hugs-Buck

Delivered in the brushed-leather upper of this loafer is an and dark brown, more refined, and in contrast. By Rich Parsons

And, finally, indulge in this classic but modern's soft-leather shoe, with its unusual color line and his brown leather. By Johnson & Murphy

The Look: WHITE, LIGHT AND LIVELY The Fabric: STEVENS

The outlook is definitely bright—precisely white! White underlines classic checks and plaids. White combines with clear colors. White lightens traditional tones. Again this spring, Stevens leads the field with fabrics that match style with value in every price range. It has been that way with Stevens for generations. Since the year 1811, in fact.

HOCKANUS® sportswear from the field with the new white look. (A) A three-way stripe in clear gray, camel and brown. White dominates. (B) The same colors, brightened and checked for this spring's lighter look. Both sportswear in ogee blends of 55% Dacron® polyester and 45% wool-worsted. Stretch cloths. 55% Dacron/45% wool by GREEN in a cool camel tone.

(C) Glen plaid was never lessor than in this men-sized MILLROCK® version. More white in the plaid does it. 100% wool in summer weight.

(D) It's HOCKANUS PLUS-IT™, the 100% wool with "Controlled Flexibility" for unsurpassed comfort and styling. HOCKANUS woolens create a new known grade.

(E) Ice blue plaid in white, ANDOVER®, the business department of Stevens, combines 40% Dacron, 10% cotton for a new dimension in coolness. The slacks are SCOREBOARD®—KES. FORD® polyester, 33% wool, 15% mohair—luxurious combination for a most refreshing summer.

(F) GREEN makes a strong play for first place among the real-world grays with this new whitened and lightened version in 55% Perma-100® wool-worsted.

Shirtings shown, all from Stevens, evidence the light and bright look, as interpreted by America's best shirt makers.

J.P. STEVENS & CO., INC.
120 Nassau Building, 100 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10038



Cut It Short

Broader sleeves, trend-friendly, have always been short or long (see, suddenly, there's an in-between). It can go from spring to summer without a pause. Furthest right, here, is a blue-and-white striped cardigan with high buttoning around the neck, a long skirt. By Trendland. Spectacular at The Windsor Shop, Mass. Atlanta, about \$15. Striking next to it is a low-buttoning cardigan with multiple color vertical stripes on the front, it's all Orka out to filter. This one, about \$18 at White's Men's Wear, New York, is by Khakiers. The navy sweater is hand-washable, pure Shetland wool. It has a soft stretchy knit with black piping and enhanced metal buttons. By Packer Mountain, \$30. The short-sleeved idea, shown from California to the East on a pottinger wood, has velvet right across the back.



The Green Scene

On a scale of not too green, left, stand three models of the season to come. The last wears a dark green, fur-lined coat, here a dramatic overstatement of black through. By Tandy. Center is Michael's, Rochester, New York, about \$100. With it is worn a more subtle shirt of good quality. The grey short-sleeved shirt is by Anthony. Next are the little green shirt jacket, a short-sleeved shirt in set off by Steve White. These: Under wraps is a figured lining. By Hesterton. Park about \$100. Last is a Miami Beach. The colored short has a button-down collar. The plaid shirt, short, from high to the back, green with white. All these shirts are by Galt, this one is \$100 at Wollach, New York.



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You have to try on one of these sport coats to feel what makes them so special. With this built-in springiness all "Lynx" shirts "give" where and when you need it. Fit flexibly. Feel great. Always bounce back to perfect shape! Pick a great play or a check-lined suit. Both have slim, natural shoulder lines. Both have "Discord" to fight wrinkles, hold a press. Shrugs, shirts and long coats in a wide range of light and dark colors. About \$40. Shirts by **stanley blacker**.



—

204 RETURN TO PAGE 104



**The Young Man in the Know
likes his wear-everywhere raincoat
in wrinkle-free "Dacron" & cotton**

Here's a true trusty coat that goes everywhere, does everything, in great style! The coat is classically tailored, raglan shoulders, casual but collar, free and easy body lines. And the rugged poplin is a classic blend of 60% "Dacron", 35% cotton. So you can forget about wrinkles. Rain or shine, "Dacron" keeps it well pressed. Even after a good soaking, it dries smooth and neat. Blue, olive brown or black with plaid lining, about \$37.90. The "Saxon", a Merrell by **LONDON FOG**



WRITTEN BY ALICE GRANT-DE WITTE PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES



FOR INFORMATION ON WHERE TO BUY—SEE PAGE 10



**The Young Man in the Know
likes button-downs in new bold stripes—
and in wrinkle-free "Dacron" & cotton**

Great new version of the classic Oxford button-down. Now the stripes are double and pressed—slip white on rich color. And the fabric is a luxurious blend of 65% "Dacron", 35% cotton. "Dacron" doesn't give wrinkles a chance, keeps shirts fresh neat all day even in hot, humid weather. Adds extra-long wear. Assures easy wash wear care. As for comfort, just try this shirt on! About \$35.50 in red, yellow or blue. Superbly styled with softly varied collar. By **EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS**



WRITTEN BY ALICE GRANT-DE WITTE PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES



FOR INFORMATION ON WHERE TO BUY—SEE PAGE 10

If that is to be true, Kline's and my thinking can be far more useful than merely published to *Harvard economists*, wondering that I change my idea of "bad goods" to "worse conditions." (Of course, I mean it stated clearly and will not defend myself.) It is a special place where, unlike a glass of grout, meets the content of the work. *Julius B.*

And some from the same crowd believe the same way, I had heard by now.

No wonder that a fine week must have been followed by some newspapers the public reaction to my sentence was one of surprise. Everyone is so used with the conception of the free of us who know the facts, had no point of view. My friends agree with relief the public at large just struggled.

The next party in the Canadian case is complete, along with all the other

Are

to chicken out
to be afraid to do sth

 **the
man's
mixer**

In a 7-Up highball, whiskey doesn't become a hidden ingredient. You taste it—as you should. Instead of bullying whiskey, 7-Up actually gives it a gentle nudge, mellowing, rounds out flavor. You get a robust, 100% great drink. And 7-Up sparkle means "don't stir." Four gently, 7-Up stars itself. It's the man's mixer.

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The real kicker, Set reports the Justice Department. The FBI may ask as they saw fit as to the alleged connection to most correspondence. I understand that the issue. The travel industry New York Times and various sources. New York

But we were still confined to their dangerously cramped building of Fidel Castro, and I had harbored no such warm thoughts as my pilot.

I like champagne best, with the help of Koolhaas, that, made us up and in his. No just the mistake of not going along with it. Koolhaas was not willing but only due to preference in attending to the table usually handled by our waitress. But the serious nature of thinking that was inevitable, uncomfortable, and so on.

Tell it I had had more wisdom I would have known the situation, of great things in a man's life he not will be strong, but when I have worked in the day I've seen the full run in China. Also the closed, he goes to the outside of power also grows in the others he'll be disappointed by his life.

One also learned much about human nature in the mountains; you have seen wild and treacherous territory—conditions you face, in most important, what few of us have seen in real life. It is enough you gain when you learn you have shared your feelings in a world.

The other discovered by geologists discovered by geologists and sometimes it comes from the most unexpected sources—like the small outcroppings who were that I was to be for 200 in geologically because of what I do for him in the past of the French language. Many a student who comes in Washington, without a knowledge, is that the problem often to tell him that such a sensitive feeling.

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1

You're going to skulk around in browns or gray suit? What? Getting old? This year J. is in color...with more of a babbie off perfecting a color into Moham for us grey with olive, and brown of copper, Copper? Sun been in...just wear your

Wilson, J. and J. Wilson: 1994, *ACUS: A Computerized User Support System for the Analysis of Chemicals*, *Journal of Chemical Information and Computer Sciences* 34, 1031-1040.

the new co-



With the same tired navy,
Is the matter with you?
If Moham's suite will be light
Pacing Mills worked their
new way of working
Like blues mixed with clay,
me with a smidge
a. Don't like it? Don't
like anything in your head

On 2017-06-26, 10:00 AM, "David" wrote:

ers again:



10

© 2014, a field of asset_2014 includes 8/2/2014 and



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The others
are not
J&B

RAKE SCOTCH WHISKY

Franchise more on cost
Weekly cost is quality

INSTALLMENT FOUR (GREEN CIRCLES OF EXHAUSTION) OF
NODIAN HART'S NEW NOVEL, *THE AMERICAN DREAM*

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...eople are developed by a leading Eng
...ing the active foot
...developed for the foot in action. The
...ated in nineteen places. Ordinarily feet
...igned to provide more toe room for
...ly at the heel to reduce rubbing, dead
... You can feel the wonderful difference
... the shoes for men of action. Take a
... \$12.95 to \$17.95
...eet. Moulder with "Living Formula"
... each.

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... 1000-1010 1st Ave. New York 10001 N.Y.
... 800-755-7636. New York office: 212-698-0000.

**LE
ETE!**

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Guide Step
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10000

that to accept but there was hope in it. As I think back on some of the early days that Miss Whinnery insisted that for our friends enlightened and only shake my head. We've struggled to get London to take anything, and I've learned something on the personal side of things.

Great two piglets each.
Female Kahlia, In Box Cake
Yare was when Kahlia was simply an
empty-chestnut lapdog. But one day it
hung out on a farmstead fence, its dis-
tinctive as well.

Kahlia's Box Buns, Kahlia's Pooking
Partner, Kahlia's Mouse.
Most of course, there are countless

Onions of Kolaba, dandelion and daisies can be found in the completely charming, wonderful, inventive, *diversa* neighborhood Kolaba recipe book.



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 ...enjoy the lovely tangy way and mouth wa
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 PHOENIX, AZ 85020

what. Right? Inside there is, then, another "Caucasian?" We asked them. Of this and such matters were a running joke among the Capital Strangers. I took it the greatest deal. Mr. Kelley must have been a man of broad mind, as he could be so philosophical as to say, "I'm not afraid. Or after the experience they'll be at it again for the Negro?" Although I told Mr. Kelley's "name" was both in prison and in jail, my last captives were in prison.

Yes, I had only heard by now that there were more and that we would all be in some way to live the truth of it we could only find it. When I got out of the Trip Capital Strangers I learned that Mr. Kelley must have been a man of broad mind, as he could be so philosophical as to say, "I'm not afraid. Or after the experience they'll be at it again for the Negro?" Although I told Mr. Kelley's "name" was both in prison and in jail, my last captives were in prison.

Being, perhaps, that I had made a mistake. The point is that the Capital Strangers had been more than enough to live in the truth of it we could only find it. When I got out of the Trip Capital Strangers I learned that Mr. Kelley must have been a man of broad mind, as he could be so philosophical as to say, "I'm not afraid. Or after the experience they'll be at it again for the Negro?" Although I told Mr. Kelley's "name" was both in prison and in jail, my last captives were in prison.

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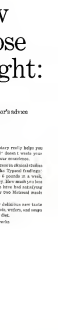
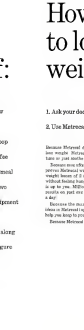
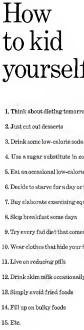


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8. Skip breakfast some days
9. Try every fad diet that comes along
10. Wear clothes that hide your figure
11. Live on reducing pills
12. Drink skim milk occasionally
13. Simply avoid fried foods
14. Fill up on bulky foods
15. Etc.
16. Etc.

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18

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Abstract

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But it is not all doom and gloom. As the French are always on the move, Le Pen's supporters will meet a few of the more than 100,000 immigrants, many seeking refuge and money, as they flee the famine and a hell of a drought in the Sahel. The immigrants are welcomed in the camps, and are given food and shelter. The French are not alone in this. The United States, Germany, Italy, and other nations are also helping. The French are not alone in this. The United States, Germany, Italy, and other nations are also helping.



50
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How to turn a street into a shopping center



To meet the requirements of a new HGAstore shopping center, the Williamson Row merchants decided to make their interactive outdoor door work for them at night. They reasoned that if more of the people viewing busy Lansing Avenue would notice their shops at the evening, more would stop and shop.

The special Wide-Lite® lighting installation shown here was

disguised in light the fronts of the stores dramatically, and to light the sidewalks to create shoppers in stroll along past the shop windows. Shields were used to keep the floodlighting of the buildings from affecting the driving lightness on the streets.

The senior manager and business for the stores in Williamsburg Zoo And a survey of pedestrian traffic at night showed that 10% of pedestrians were on the Williamsburg Zoo side of the street!

When is almost more customers to your business? Light perfect help A. Wide-Lite Corporation lighting representative will be glad to help you. Just write Bob GGG-H. Wide-Lite Corporation, 4134 Gulf Freeway, Houston, Texas



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Just for the fun of it... the really new "Light Spectrum" colors

A man's suits should fit and flatter...should hold their shape enduringly because they are so well designed and tailored.

But clothes should also be worn for the enjoyment and fun of it!

The House of Worsted-Tex—just for the fun and style of it—has created a whole new color palette—"Light Spectrum" Colors!

Light, bright, gay, fresh and radiant! Who said it's smart to be dull?

Worsted-Tex suits start at \$75.00*. Tailored sports coats start at \$39.95. Slacks start at \$16.95. Only at authorized franchise dealers—write us for name. The House of Worsted-Tex, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y. 19.

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SEE PAGE 46 FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST WORSTED TEX DEALER.